

40 Heat Fever (18+)

[Erotic Scene Ahead] 1

Hades~

As fast as she had kissed me, she pulled away, immediately getting off the bed. She was still clutching her stomach.

"Leave!" she ordered. "Leave now!"

I looked at her. She gritted her teeth, shaking from the pain that now racked her body. "Red..."

"Don't call me that!" she blurted, eyes blazing with desperation. "I need you... to leave."

I got up from the bed, but I did not head to the door. "You are in pain."

"That is none of your concern!" she snarled before she let out a pained groan, clutching her stomach harder. "Please leave. I need to be alone."

"You need help—"

"Not from you," she cut me off, her tone as sharp as a razor. "Definitely not from..."

She screamed suddenly and fell to the floor. She curled up into a fetal position, moaning in agony.

I made my way to her. Realizing my increasing proximity to her, she scrambled away from me,

but it was no use. She was too weak and in pain, and I easily swooped her into my arms.

"No, no... don't touch me!" she struggled against my hold, but she could do nothing. I laid her back onto the bed, and she began to scramble again.

I caught her leg and pulled her back to me. "You need help," I murmured as I pulled her to myself, letting her straddle me. She was wearing nothing but a thin nightgown that clung to her like a second skin, soaked with sweat from the strain her body was enduring. Her chest rose and fell rapidly as she struggled to push me away, though it was clear she didn't have the strength to fight anymore. Her hand pressed against my chest weakly, but I didn't budge.

"Don't..." she whispered, her voice broken and trembling. "Please... don't..."

"I can help you feel better. You know you can't continue like this," I muttered. Her body was burning against mine.

She stopped for a moment, her almost bloodshot eyes finding mine in the dim lights of the room. The turquoise of her eyes was tinged with violet—a clear symptom of an extreme heat fever.

The moment was tense, and all that could be heard was her panting and my breathing. Her

eyes fell to my neck and then down to my robe. She reached her hand and touched my face. She traced my face, from my jaw to my collarbone.

I watched her as the heat fever took control of her. Her fingers grazed the arm of my robe, down to my hand. She traced the veins of my hand, eyes heavy-lidded and breathing heavily.

And she clasped my hand and carried it.

"Red..."

Her eyes met mine again just as she put my hand to her breasts. My hand flexed on the swollen peak, and she jolted, moaning softly. Her moan sent a jolt through me, stirring something primal deep inside. I clenched my jaw, trying to keep my control as her body reacted so intensely to my touch. Her heat was clouding her judgment, but my wolf urged me to respond, to give in to what she so clearly needed. Her pheromones only began to grow more potent, with no end in sight. She needed relief, and I would give it to her. It would be another step towards my goal. 1

Eve~

He flicked my taut, sensitive nipple, and I arched into him, seeking more of his touch. He pinched it and rolled it between his fingers, and I saw stars. "Hades..." I shuddered.

His head came down, and before anything could register, he had replaced his fingers with his teeth. His mouth closed over my nipple, his teeth grazing it in a way that sent shockwaves through my body. I gasped, my back arching, fingers threading into his hair, pulling him closer as if he were the only thing keeping me grounded in the storm of heat and agony that wracked my body. Every touch was fire—too much, yet not enough at the same time.

"Hades..." I breathed, my voice barely recognizable to myself, raw with need and desperation.

He flicked his tongue over the engorged nipple, and I almost cried when he sucked on it. He grabbed hold of the other one, teasing, squeezing, flicking, and pinching as he thoroughly devoured my other breast. The pressure between my legs grew as I ground my hips against his, searching for the friction I needed.

Then a jarring rip tore through the air, and the cool air on my body made me jolt. The sensation of his touch against my bare skin was electric, every nerve in my body lighting up as his mouth resumed its assault on my breast. But it grew more insistent and harsh, pain mingling with pleasure. Tears sprang to my eyes.

His other hand traveled down my now naked body before I snapped out of it. It was like the fog in my head finally cleared.

"Let me go!" I snarled, trying to tear myself away, but he would not budge yet again. Within a blink, I was on my back, and he was pressing down on me. His breath mingled with my own as I stared up at him, panting.

"You need this, Red," he whispered. "Just let me."

I glared up at him, chest heaving with the remnants of a heat that hadn't yet burned itself out. My skin was tingling, my body far too sensitive to everything—his touch, the air, the unbearable weight of his presence above me. The heat fever had clouded my mind, made me want things I shouldn't, but this—this was wrong. His hands were too sure, his mouth too skilled, and I hated how much I responded to every single touch.

"You are not fucking me," I hissed through clenched teeth, even though my body betrayed me, arching into his touch.

Hades's smirk deepened, his eyes glinting with amusement and something darker. "Who said anything about fucking?"

My breath caught, my heart hammering against my ribs. I tried to push him off again, but my

strength was failing me. The fever had sapped away my resistance, leaving me a quivering, needy mess, and he knew it. I could see it in the way his eyes traced every inch of my bare skin, lingering on the places where my body begged for release.

But there was something else—something far more dangerous. The way he looked at me, the hunger in his gaze... it was too much.

"You shouldn't be seeing me like this," I whispered, more to myself than him, but I knew he heard. "I didn't want this."

Hades's expression shifted, the smugness fading for a moment. His gaze softened just slightly, as if something in my words had reached him. Then, without warning, he reached up and pulled at the rope tied around his waist, letting his robe fall open slightly. But before I could even react, he did something unexpected.

He looped the rope around his hand, then tied it swiftly over his eyes, covering them completely.

I blinked in disbelief, my breath catching as he leaned down, blindfolded, his lips brushing against my ear. "You don't need to worry about me seeing you, Red," he murmured, his voice low and full of dark promises. "I can still make you feel everything you need to feel." 2